

Sure Relief

BELLANS FOR INDIGESTION
6 BELLANS Hot water
SURE RELIEF
BELLANS FOR INDIGESTION
SQUEEZED TO DEATH

When the body begins to stiffen and movement becomes painful it is usually an indication that the kidneys are out of order. Keep these organs healthy by taking

GOLD MEDAL
HARLEM OIL
CAPSULES

The world's standard remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles. Famous since 1904. Take regularly and keep in good health. In three sizes, all druggists. Guaranteed as represented. Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation.

UNCLE SAM
a SCRAP chew
in PLUG form
MOIST & FRESH
Liggett & Sons Tobacco Co.

Be sure of your aim before attempting to slap a mosquito.

Important to all Women
Readers of this Paper

Thousands upon thousands of women have kidney or bladder trouble and never suspect it.

Women's complaints often prove to be nothing else but kidney trouble, or the result of kidney or bladder disease.

If the kidneys are not in a healthy condition, they may cause the other organs to become diseased.

You may suffer pain in the back, headache and loss of ambition.

Poor health makes you nervous, irritable and may be dependent; it makes any one so.

But hundreds of women claim that Dr. Kilmor's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder medicine, will do for them.

By enclosing ten cents to Dr. Kilmor & Co., Birmingham, N. Y., you may receive sample size bottle by Parcel Post. You can purchase medium and large size bottles at all drug stores.—Adv.

A native of Ashanti hears one of seven names, corresponding to the day on which he was born.

Cuticura Soothes Baby Rashes. That itch and burn with hot baths of Cuticura Soap followed by gentle anointings of Cuticura Ointment. Nothing better, purer, sweeter, especially if a little of the fragrant Cuticura Talcum is dusted on at the finish. 25c each everywhere.—Adv.

Kind Offer. Ho—For love of you I burn. She—All right. I'll call father and he'll put you out.

SHAKE INTO YOUR SHOES. Always Foot-Bane, the antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoe and sprinkled in the foot-bath. The Foot-Bath is a small device in their shoes each morning. It kills bacteria and keeps feet cool and healthy. The shoe out of shoes and boots. Always use Foot-Bane to break in new shoes.—Adv.

METHOD IN THAT MADNESS. Why Dad Could Not Bring Himself to Make Serious Objections to Gerald's Smoking.

"Henry!" Mrs. Brown's voice was stern. Mr. Brown recognized the signs of a coming storm, so he prepared to listen.

"I saw Gerald—our boy—smoking a pipe today—actually, a boy, smelly pipe!" the poor woman ended with a sob.

"Well, what can we do?" exclaimed her husband. "The boy's seventeen, and has two dollars a day pocket money. I don't see—"

"You mean to say that you will allow him to smoke? Why, it's sheer madness!"

Henry nodded. Then, after witnessing the unique spectacle of his wife's spectacles for once, he stroked off into the garden, where he came across Gerald in a corner with the pipe going full blast.

"Hello, my boy!" he cried. "This is something new, isn't it? By—by the way, I've left my pouch in the house. Can you give me a fill?"

Then he, as he walked away puffing happily, murmured:

"It may be madness, but there's a method in it. I can see Gerald's pouch being quite a money saver to poor old dad."—Rehebeoth Herald.

Louisiana has 19 registered women statisticians, which exceeds the record of any other state.

Among the easy things not to live up to is a slogan.

For your breakfast Grape-Nuts

A ready-to-eat food that costs but little and is full of the sound nourishment of wheat and malted barley.

Appetizing Economical At Grocers Everywhere!

Grape-Nuts

Ask of Wheat and Barley. (Grape-Nuts are made from whole wheat and malted barley.)

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NEW SOUTH WALES

Facilitates Farming by Giving Ample Agricultural Training.

Not only does the farmer of New South Wales enjoy the unparalleled advantages afforded by nature in the gift of a mild climate, where it never freezes except in the highest mountains, where fodder grows the year around, and shelter is not necessary to protect the stock, but he is also provided by the State with every opportunity for learning the scientific and practical side of farming. The Government of New South Wales has a large number of Experiment Farms established for the purpose of aiding the beginner, and of advancing knowledge in an industry upon which the world's advancement depends.

A dozen or more of these State Farms are open to students, one of the best known being the Hawkesbury Agricultural College, at Richmond, thirty-eight miles from Sydney, which has an experiment farm of 3,500 acres, supplied with all the most modern farm equipment. Its 300 students, taking a two-year course, not only acquire a theoretical knowledge of agriculture through a study of chemistry, botany, bacteriology, etc., and their application to farm work, but also get the most practical kind of training in the various branches of farming—horticulture, beekeeping, poultry farming, carpentry, blacksmithing, harness making, engine driving and the use of electricity. At Grafton, on the Clarence River, special work is done in sheep and dairy farming, and in the culture of grasses and other fodder plants. Others of these Experiment Farms specialize in various subjects, such as irrigation farming, fruit and vine culture, wheat breeding, pig raising, etc., in an effort to ascertain the most suitable economic plants and animals to be grown in particular districts in which these farms are situated.

Farming is coming to be recognized as a profession calling for the best brain power a man has, and the best training he can bring to it. New South Wales, realizing this fact, is offering by means of these numerous Experiment Farms, a splendid opportunity to the farmers to secure scientific training, and to reap the benefits of the latest experimental work in agriculture. New South Wales Information Bureau, 149 Broadway, New York City.—Advertisement.

Nowadays. Willis—"A satisfied customer is a state of mind," said a clerk. "Gills—"Old stuff! A good-looking girl clerk is—Judge."

LIFT OFF CORNS!

Doesn't hurt a bit and costs only a few cents

Inserting the key Mr. Wick handed me, I turned it sharply and flung the door wide. It revealed a luxuriously furnished apartment, the front rooms of which were extravagantly ablaze with light.

For a moment the three of us, Mr. Wick, the elevator boy and myself, stood there with our ears alert for any sound from the apartment. While I do not admit to being a coward, the unknown was a terror for all of us, and I must confess that the knowledge that Mr. Wick had his revolver drawn was indeed comforting. All was silence in the place.

"John," said Wick to the elevator boy, "you stand here right by the door and keep your eye on the elevator. If anybody tries to sneak past you, you holler for us."

"Deed I will, Mr. Wick," said the boy, with chattering teeth. "I'll holler, all right."

"Go ahead, Mr. Nelson," said the superintendent, "I'm right behind you with the revolver."

Without waiting to explore the front rooms, I turned at once and ran down the long hall to the sitting room. If, as I suspected, murder had been done here, I was confident that the scene of the tragedy would be the room directly under mine. The screams I had heard—and the shot—had seemed to come from under my very feet.

Although the lights in the front of the hall were burning, the sitting room was in darkness. As I reached the door, my fingers sought the button, and as the flare of light illuminated the room I looked hastily about me. There was no one there, but my eye quickly glanced showed me that the door of the wall safe, located similarly to the one in the apartment above, was standing wide open.

Quickly I sprang to inspect the room corresponding to mine, a room, as it were, recalled, opening off the sitting room. Here, too, was darkness, and as I turned on the lights, I stood agast with horror.

On the floor, close up to the inner wall, lay the contorted body of a beautiful young woman. Her eyes were wide open and staring. One arm was twisted under her, and the other hand was clutching at the front of her bodice, where a blotch of ghastly red indicated the path of the shot that I had heard.

"It's Miss Lutan," said Mr. Wick's voice behind me.

"She's been murdered," I cried; "get the police at once."

As I bent over to see if there was any evidence of force, I stole a printed in her tender white throat the marks of her assailant's brutal fingers.

"Come," I said, "help me lift her on to this couch, and then telephone at once for a doctor."

Mr. Wick had been all the while standing there, staring at the body as if stupefied by the tragedy, but he obeyed my directions, and with him at her feet and I at her head we laid her down on the couch, where I proceeded to loosen her gown and to try by artificial respiration to restore her blood to circulation.

"Get the doctor at once," I commanded again, "and phone for the police."

"John," called out Mr. Wick, "go to the phone and tell Miss Kelly to

The House of Whispers

By WILLIAM JOHNSTON

Illustrations by IRVIN MYERS

Copyright by Little, Brown & Co.

"WHO SHOT HER?"

Synopsis.—Spalding Nelson is occupying the apartments of his great-uncle, Rufus Gaston, on Broadway, leaving on a trip, tell him about mysterious noises and "whispers" that have scared them.

He becomes acquainted with Barbara Bradford, who lives in the same big building. He instinctively dislikes and distrusts the superintendent, Wick. The mysteries in his apartment begin with the disappearance of the Gaston pearls from the wall safe. He decides not to call in the police, but to his own investigating. It is soon evident that someone has access to his room. Becoming friendly with Barbara, he learns that her apartment is equally mysterious. She tells him that several years before her sister Clara, who lives with her, had made a run-away marriage with a man named Henry Kent, from whom she was soon parted, and the marriage had been annulled. Clara is engaged to be married and someone has stolen documents concerning the affair from the Bradford apartment, and is attempting to blackmail the Bradfords. Nelson takes Miss Kelly, a telephone girl, to dinner with him, and she is pumping her. Gorman, a hotel detective, investigates the case of Lefty Moore, a noted burglar. Nelson tells his story to Gorman and puts the case in his hands. Nelson finds a secret passage, with a panel door in his room. He realizes he loves Barbara, and she and Barbara hear a shot in the building.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

I sprang after her, but she moved so quickly that she was out of the window and safely home before I could stop her. Only waiting to see her off the ledge I turned back and hastily pulling the panel into place I dashed for the front of the house. The screams and the shots I was sure had come from the apartment directly below mine. I was certain that there had been murder done there, and my mind was made up to investigate it at once. If I moved quickly there might be an opportunity to catch the murderer red-handed. I let myself out and dashed down the one flight of stairs. As I arrived there, the ascending elevator stopped, and Mr. Wick burst out, followed by an excited elevator runner. Wick was carrying a revolver in his hand.

"Did you hear anything?" he asked excitedly.

"I heard a woman screaming in this apartment and they a shot."

"I heard it, too. In which apartment was it?"

"Right here," I said, pointing to the door.

"Miss Lutan's," he said. "Let's go in. Here's my pass-key. You open the door. I'll be right behind you with my revolver."

CHAPTER VIII.

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"Get the doctor at once," I commanded again, "and phone for the police."

"John," called out Mr. Wick, "go to the phone and tell Miss Kelly to

send for Doctor Hunt to come at once." "Tell her to get the police, too," I insisted.

"And let the burglar escape while we're doing it," objected Mr. Wick. "Come on, let's look through the apartment. He may be hiding somewhere still."

Together, while the boy was phoning, we went from room to room, peering into closets and under beds. There was no one there and no traces of the murderer's presence. Even the servant, who was waiting unattended. Only one thing happened that struck me as peculiar. As I started up the hall to search the bedrooms, I looked back and caught Mr. Wick furtively closing the wall safe. His action in surreptitiously closing this door, which I was sure to me to be the young son of a very rich family. His parents insisted that she had trapped him into matrimony and after long legal wrangling she had been divorced about a year ago. She had received a large sum in settlement, and this with her earnings as an actress enabled her to live in luxury.

"Hadn't she a sweetheart now?" I asked.

"Better make it plural," sneered the doctor. "Women of her type always have a lot of men friends."

"No men ever came to see her here. I'm positive of that," said Mr. Wick.

"Of course not," said the doctor sarcastically. "The reputation of the Granddeck apartments must be protected at all costs."

As we talked two detectives in plain clothes arrived. They viewed the body and proceeded to question us when I heard a woman screaming and then the sound of the shot. I took out my revolver and got off at this floor to investigate. At the door I found Mr. Nelson. He, too, had heard the screams and the shot, and therefore they came from this apartment. I took out my pass key and we went in.

"Were there any signs of the burglar?" asked the other man.

"No, we looked all through the apartment and found no one."

"I waited with bated breath to hear if Wick would tell of having found the wall safe open. If he did not I felt it would be conclusive evidence that there was something he was trying to conceal."

"I didn't notice anything missing," he said glibly. "I wouldn't know, anyhow. I don't know what stuff she had here."

"Her maid would?"

"Her maid might. She's out now. Generally she's home by eleven o'clock."

"Did she keep only the one servant?"

"Only the maid and a chauffeur."

"When she was alone in the apartment?"

"Yes. She'd gone out all dressed up about seven in her own car. She came home unexpectedly in a hired taxi not more than half an hour ago."

"Did she come home alone?"

"She was alone. At least the hall boys told me so. I did not see her come in, myself."

More and more I was convinced that Wick was lying. I was sure he knew something. Wick did not keep harping on the fact that Miss Lutan had come in "unexpectedly." What means had he of knowing what time she was expected home? Furthermore he said he was in the elevator when he heard the shot, and I did not believe it would have been possible for the sounds to have carried that far. The walls were all deadened, and the room where the tragedy had taken place was at the back of the house many floors from the elevator. I wondered if the burglar had not been in the place with Mr. Wick's confidence, while he stood guard outside. As he heard me coming he might have taken refuge in the elevator. And why did he have his revolver so conveniently at hand?

The detective who had been questioning Wick turned to me.

"Who are you?"

"Spalding Nelson."

"What do you do? Where do you work?"

"I'm a clerk."

"A clerk living at the Granddeck apartments," he sneered. "You must have a good job."

"I haven't a job at present," I replied. "I'm living here in Mr. Gaston's apartment, taking care of it while he and his wife are away."

I could see that my statement that I was only a clerk and was not at present employed had made no favorable impression on the detective.

"Will you explain what you were doing at the door of this apartment when the superintendent arrived?" he demanded with a growing suspicion in his tones.

"It was so easy to explain," I retorted. "I was in my apartment directly over this one. I heard her scream and then the shot. It seemed to come from the floor right below me, so I ran down to investigate."

"Is that right?" he asked, turning to Mr. Wick.

"It's right," he answered non-committally. "All I know is that he has gone. He certainly isn't here in the apartment."

It was on the tip of my tongue to suggest that we look in the secret passageway. I felt that the shock it would be to Wick to learn that I knew about the secret passage, but I was loath to let him know that I was by way of a similar passageway to the one I had discovered in my room that the murderer had escaped. But before I could make up my mind to speak the doctor arrived.

He made a hasty inspection and then said tersely:

"There's nothing here for me to do. This woman has been dead for some time."

"How long?" I asked.

"It is impossible for me to judge—maybe twenty minutes, perhaps an hour. I should say that death was practically instantaneous. She was killed by a bullet penetrating the heart. Who shot her?"

He looked sharply from me to Mr. Wick, as if suspecting that it might have been one of us.

"A burglar got her just a few minutes ago," Mr. Wick explained. "Mr. Nelson and I heard a scream and a shot. We let ourselves in here with my pass key and found her here. It must have been a burglar that she surprised when she entered the apartment."

"It looks like it," assented the physician.

scian. "There are marks on her throat where he tried to strangle her screams. Have you notified the police?"

"Yes," said Mr. Wick.

"There's nothing more that I can do, then," said the doctor, making his preparations to depart.

"Would you not wait until the police come?" suggested the superintendent. "They'll be here any minute and probably they'll want a statement from you."

"Very well," said the doctor, "I'll wait."

As we waited the three of us chatted about the crime and about the dead actress. From the conversation I learned that at the height of her career she had been the wife of the young son of a very rich family. His parents insisted that she had trapped him into matrimony and after long legal wrangling she had been divorced about a year ago. She had received a large sum in settlement, and this with her earnings as an actress enabled her to live in luxury.

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